



CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE SANDS BY LYNSEA

THE miraculous speed of this flight took Warburton aback, and amazed the *posse* of soldiers also that stood in the door. The officer in charge, whom Warburton recognized as his own captain, issued instructions on the instant, and his men spread in a fan, in pursuit of the fugitive. He himself offered a greeting to Warburton very civilly, and, his glance lighting on Chloris, started.

"What! a lady?" said he. "I ask your pardon. But I believe we came just in time. A desperate fellow, that, though 'tis a pity for his family."

Warburton motioned him from the room—which silent command he obeyed with a stare—and then took Chloris's hand.

"I will follow," he said, "and see what may be done. He is mad. Rest here."

She shook her head wearily. "I care not what happens," she answered, with a quick flash of spirit.

He joined the soldier outside, and they went together in the direction of the pursuit. Far away a solitary figure was visible mounting a rise.

"'Tis he," said the captain. "They might bring him down but that I am loath to do so. I have no orders."

"He is mad," said Warburton. "Let him escape."